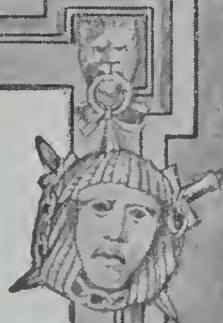


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His Royal Highness



Jack Montague

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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

His Royal Highness

A Comedy in Three Acts

By
JACK MONTAGUE



PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1915

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His Royal Highness

NOV 3 1915

No. 1.

His Royal Highness

CHARACTERS

OSCAR VON VERHOEFF	.	<i>the gay Prince of Eastphalia</i>
CHARLES SUMNER	.	<i>who masquerades as the prince</i>
HARRY TRUCKERMAN	.	<i>who has been a cowboy</i>
DANIEL TRUCKERMAN	.	<i>a millionaire</i>
PERKINS	.	<i>a butler</i>
GERTRUDE DAINTY	.	<i>an American girl</i>
POLLY TRUCKERMAN	.	<i>Daniel's pretty daughter</i>
MARIA VON VERHOEFF	.	<i>the Princess of Eastphalia</i>
WILKINS	.	<i>a footman</i>

PLACE.—London. PERIOD.—Present.

SCENE.—The general reception-room—Daniel Truckerman's mansion.

TIME OF ACTION—One day. Morning. Early afternoon. Late afternoon.

PLAYING TIME.—Two hours and a half.

NOTE

This play is published for production by amateurs only. Professionals may use it only by permission of the author, who may be addressed in care of the publishers.

STORY OF THE PLAY

In order to be near an American girl, Gertrude Dainty, the gay Prince Oscar of Eastphalia becomes secretary to Daniel Truckerman, a millionaire. Harry Truckerman loves Gertrude, but has not the consent of Daniel, who wishes to marry his children to "swells" and get into society. Harry urges Charles Sumner, a guest he has picked up, to pretend he's the Prince Oscar the papers are talking about, and Charles agrees, in order to woo pretty Polly Truckerman. Polly finds Charles is not a prince, but is brother to a lord. To get him out of his scrape Gertrude agrees to pose as the Princess of Eastphalia. Harry, embarrassed by Charles' presence, persuades Perkins to masquerade as the

Prince and scare Charles off. With two pretended princes, one real prince, one false princess and three love affairs in the house there are delightful complications, which come to a climax when the real princess appears in search of her errant husband. There is a merry hide-and-seek, ending in Daniel's discovering the deception around him. The prince, forgiven by his wife, pleads for the other pretenders, Daniel yields, and the lovers are happy.

COSTUMES, ETC.

OSCAR. About thirty. Act I, street morning costume, derby hat, cutaway coat, gloves. (Or may wear a business suit.) Act II, same. Act III, officer's uniform, including hat, gloves, sword and spurs.

CHARLES. About twenty-five. Act I, uniform, same as Oscar's. Act II, business or morning suit. Act III, uniform. Or, he may wear uniform throughout.

HARRY. About twenty-five. Act I, at first entrance, wears dressing gown; at second entrance, morning or business suit. The same throughout remainder of the play.

DANIEL. Fifty-five. Decided in manner. Rather quick-tempered, accustomed to command and be obeyed instantly. Gray hair. Whiskers or not, as preferred. Glasses. Acts I and II, business suit. Acts II and III, same, with hat and overcoat.

PERKINS. About forty-five. Pompous. Smooth face. Act I, butler's black morning suit or livery, white tie, white cotton gloves. Act II, wears uniform similar to that of Oscar and Charles, but rather large for him. With it wears sword and spurs.

WILKINS. About thirty. Rather timid in manner. Wears black suit or livery, white tie, white cotton gloves.

GERTRUDE. About twenty-three. In Act I, wears street costume, with hat, etc. At first entrance, Act II, she has discarded the hat, etc., appearing in indoor costume. At second entrance, Act II, she again appears dressed for the street. In Act III again dressed for indoors. Same dress throughout. Lively manner.

POLLY. About twenty. Act I, morning negligée wrapper. Act II, pretty house dress. Act III, street dress, with hat, etc. She is more sedate than Gertrude.

PRINCESS. About twenty-eight. Street costume, with hat and heavy veil. Carries lorgnette.

PROPERTIES

OSCAR. Newspaper, cigarettes in a case.

CHARLES. Cigarette.

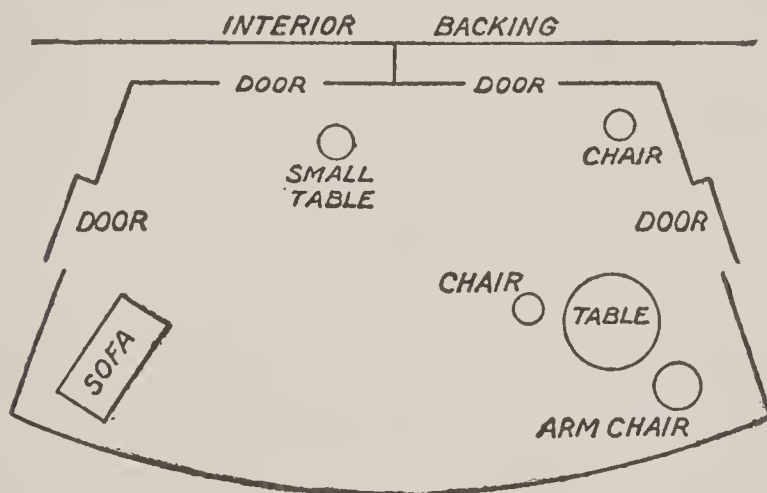
PERKINS. Tray, with coffee service, cups, etc.

POLLY. Hand mirror, large book.

GERTRUDE. Newspaper, handkerchief, chatelaine bag.

Bell heard off stage. Hand call bell on table, or electric push-button set in wall up c. and connected to ring bell off stage.

SCENE PLOT



SCENE (same for all acts). Reception-room in the house of Daniel Truckerman. Richly furnished. Door up R. leads to bedrooms and sitting-rooms. Door up L. leads to hall and servants' rooms. Door R. leads to bedroom suite. Door L. leads to library, etc. Table with small chair L. Armchair down L. Chair up L. Small serving table up R. Sofa down R. Other furnishings as desired. On table L. should be a newspaper, a small hand mirror and matches.

His Royal Highness

SCENE.—*Reception-room in DANIEL TRUCKERMAN'S house, London. See Scene Plot. Pictures, flowers, statues, bric-à-brac, hangings, etc., to suggest great wealth. Entrances R. and L., up R. and up L.*

(*Curtain discloses WILKINS and PERKINS, C. PERKINS goes to door, R. Listens. Returns C.*)

PERKINS. Dear, dear, he's not up yet. There's his hat. (*Points to high hat on floor down R.*) Pick up Mr. Harry's hat, Wilkins.

WILKINS (*picking up hat*). Yes, sir, Mr. Perkins. (*Motions to door, R.*) Ah, a very gay young man, sir.

PERKINS. You may say so. What a night he must have had of it. (*They shake their heads.*) Since his return from Ameriky he has been like a wild Indian. (*Sees overcoat on armchair, L.*) There's his coat. Pick up Mr. Harry's coat, Wilkins.

WILKINS (*picking up coat*). Yes, sir. Shall I put them in his room, Mr. Perkins?

PERKINS. No, no! Wait till he wakes. Dear me, he's a disgrace to his father.

WILKINS. Ah, I'm afraid so. I'll put these away, sir.

PERKINS. Do so, Wilkins, do so.

(*Exit WILKINS, up L. Bell rings off L.*)

(*Enter POLLY TRUCKERMAN, up R., wearing wrapper.*)

POLLY. Perkins, send my maid to me.

PERKINS. Yes, miss. (*Starts L. Bell rings.*)

POLLY. Oh, Perkins, never mind about the maid.

PERKINS. Yes, miss.

(*Exit, up L.*)

POLLY. I hope it is Gertrude. I need some one to wake me up. (*Enter PERKINS, up L.*) Who is it, Perkins?

PERKINS. If you please, miss, it's the young lady from Ameriky.

POLLY (*still at door, up R.*). Bring her in here.

PERKINS. Yes, miss.

(*Exit, up L.*)

POLLY. I wonder if Harry is up. I'm sure he was out last night as usual. (*Enter PERKINS, up L., bowing in GERTRUDE DAINTY.*) Good-morning.

GERTRUDE. Polly—where are you? (*Looks around.*)

(*Exit PERKINS, L.*)

POLLY. Here, but I'm not presentable. Make yourself at home. I'll be back in a few moments.

(*Exit, up R.*)

GERTRUDE (*going to table, L. C.*). Don't hurry.

POLLY (*off*). And don't you worry.

GERTRUDE (*picking up paper from table; to herself*). I can't help it. I'm afraid Harry is trotting too fast a gait. He's a jolly good fellow, but needs some one to keep him straight. I wonder if I had better undertake the job. (*Looks at paper. Reads.*) "The missing Prince. Prince Oscar Von Verhoeff of Eastphalia still missing. A mysterious case for the police to solve." They ought to have put a bell on him. (*Throws paper on table and crosses R. C.*)

(*Enter PERKINS, L.*)

PERKINS (*up L.*). Beg your pardon, miss, but there's a gentleman called to see you.

GERTRUDE (*down R. C.*). To see me? Here? He can't see me here; this isn't my house.

PERKINS. Gentleman by the name of Black, miss. Said his business was particularly important. Your chaperone sent him.

GERTRUDE. Mrs. Trumball sent him? That's strange.

PERKINS. Here is the gentleman, miss.

(*Enter OSCAR VON VERHOEFF, quickly, up L. and comes down L. C.*)

GERTRUDE. You !

(*Exit PERKINS, L.*)

OSCAR (*putting hat and gloves on table, L. C.*). I met your chaperone. She refused to give me your address. She's a quick-witted old lady.

GERTRUDE. She's from the United States, where they breed wit.

OSCAR. You are a lovely sample.

GERTRUDE. How did you learn of my presence here?

OSCAR. By accident. I saw you in a cab and followed you. I'm so delighted to see you.

(*Crosses to her, R. C., and offers hand.*)

GERTRUDE (*hands behind her*). I am not at all delighted to see you again. I hoped I had seen the last of you in Paris.

OSCAR. You are always chilly. You were in Paris.

GERTRUDE. Yes. And if I had followed an American woman's prerogative, I would have horsewhipped you for intruding yourself on me. (*She approaches him. He falls back two steps, R.*) What do you mean by following me? (*She approaches him. He falls back.*) What do you mean by calling yourself Black?

OSCAR. What's the matter with Black?

GERTRUDE. But in Paris you told me your name was White.

OSCAR. My name is always White in Paris.

GERTRUDE. And in Hamburg you called yourself Green.

OSCAR. Why not? Green is a pleasant color anywhere.

GERTRUDE. Then stick to it—you look it. But you can't be all three of them.

OSCAR. Why not? I can. (*Tenderly.*) What's in a name? Is the passion that consumes Green any less fervent in the form of White and less devoted in the shape of Black?

GERTRUDE (*going L., fanning herself with handkerchief*). Don't begin that again.

OSCAR (*advancing, C.*). You aren't a bit kind to me.

GERTRUDE. I don't want to be kind to you.

OSCAR. Who could be more devoted to you than I? I follow you like your shadow.

GERTRUDE. That's why I want to shake you. One gets tired of a shadow.

OSCAR. Didn't I follow you from Berlin to Hamburg? Didn't I follow you from Hamburg to Paris? Haven't I followed you from Paris to London? And why? Why? To tell you that I love you. (*He advances quickly to her.*)

GERTRUDE. Once for all, I forbid you ever again to tell me you love me.

OSCAR. If you command, I must obey. (*Bows.*) But bear in mind that everything I say to you has that one dear meaning and only that. If I say the day is fine, it means I love you. (*Each time he says "I love you," he advances a step, and GERTRUDE retreats one until she goes back of sofa, R.*) If I praise your pretty bonnet, it means I love you. (*Business.*) If I inquire after your health, it means I love you. (*Business.*) And if I offer you a cup of tea, that also means I love you. (*Business.*)

GERTRUDE (*laughing*). You are no amateur in love-making, are you? But you will make me angry in a moment.

OSCAR. Ah, don't be angry. It's such a waste of time—time that can be so pleasant while we are young and have warm hearts. (*Takes her hand.*)

GERTRUDE (*pulling away her hand*). Let my hand alone, please, Mr. Green.

OSCAR (*kneeling on sofa*). Black, please.

GERTRUDE. Why Black?

OSCAR. Black always, in London.

GERTRUDE. Let me remind you, Mr. Black, that this is not my home, and that your presence here might be very embarrassing to me.

OSCAR. That means you want me —

GERTRUDE. As we say in America,—there's the door. (*Points up L.*) Beat it!

(OSCAR gets hat and gloves from table, L. C.)

OSCAR. Oh, well, if you insist. But it is rather hard to think that while so many other people are longing to see me, you are only longing to get rid of me. However, you will see me again.

GERTRUDE. If I do, I'll have you chained up.

OSCAR (C.). So—wherever you go, I shall go. I shall

take every opportunity to throw myself metaphorically at your dainty feet.

GERTRUDE (*impatiently*). Are you going?

(*She comes c.*)

OSCAR. Au revoir.

(*Offers hand. GERTRUDE gives hers. He attempts to kiss her hand; she snatches it away and laughs.*)

GERTRUDE. Au revoir.

OSCAR. Ah, a repulse is not a defeat. It is sometimes the prelude to a victory. I shall haunt the house—so, au revoir.

(*Exit up L.*)

GERTRUDE. This is going some. (*Laughs.*) To be loved by Green, White and Black.

(*Crosses L. and places hand-bag on table.*)

(*Enter POLLY up R.*)

POLLY. Gertie, don't say I've kept you waiting.

GERTRUDE. I won't—but you have.

(*POLLY comes down c., where GERTRUDE meets her.*)

POLLY. Here I am at last. (*They kiss.*) Oh, Gertie, how nice you look.

GERTRUDE. How nice you look, if it comes to that. And is this the new dress?

POLLY. Isn't it smart?

GERTRUDE. It is a corker.

POLLY. Eh?

GERTRUDE. I mean the dress is a dream.

(*They sit on sofa, R.*)

POLLY. Thanks. Where's your chaperone?

GERTRUDE. I escaped her, and came here to see ——

POLLY. Me?

GERTRUDE (*confused*). Well, yes,—and—how's Harry?

POLLY. Oh, so Harry's the attraction, not poor me. Do you really ——

GERTRUDE. I do.

POLLY. Love Harry!

GERTRUDE. You've hit the bull's eye.

POLLY (*reaching up and taking her hands*). When did you first feel the sensation?

GERTRUDE. One morning after breakfast —

POLLY. Silly—I didn't mean that.

(*She pulls GERTRUDE to R. end of sofa.*)

GERTRUDE (*laughing*). Neither did I. Harry and I first met —

POLLY. Yes, go on.

GERTRUDE. On my father's ranch in Montana.

POLLY (*excited*). Among the wild bears and Indians?

GERTRUDE. No, among civilized cowboys.

POLLY. Oh, this grows interesting. Tell me all about it.

GERTRUDE. One afternoon I was riding over the range, —when I reached Silver Creek I pulled up my broncho. I commenced to dream—I thought no one was near. I was singing —

POLLY (*breaking in*). Yes, yes—go on.

GERTRUDE. When I heard an echo. It was a man's voice, strong and clear. I looked up and saw —

POLLY (*excited*). Yes—you saw —

GERTRUDE. Harry! He gazed into my eyes—through them, as if to read my heart.

POLLY (*excited*). And you?

GERTRUDE. Well, I looked at him.

POLLY (*relaxing her excitement—disappointed*). Was that all?

GERTRUDE. It was enough. We met. I loved. Then came the parting. Suddenly my old dad conceived the idea to send me for a tour of Europe, to finish my education—accompanied by a chaperone.

POLLY. Lo and behold, Harry returns home.

GERTRUDE. And he and I met by chance in London.

POLLY. But was it by chance?

GERTRUDE (*finger to lips*). That's a secret.

POLLY. Harry's awfully wretched.

GERTRUDE (*haughty*). Oh, thank you.

POLLY. You know I didn't mean because of you. It's papa. He'd go mad if he knew Harry wanted to marry you.

GERTRUDE. Would he bite?

POLLY. No, but he'd storm.

GERTRUDE. I can stand it if Harry can.

POLLY. And he'd go mad if he thought I wished to marry any one less distinguished than a duke. That's not my idea of love. I would marry the man I loved if he was a day laborer and hadn't a shilling in the world.

GERTRUDE. And be turned out of the house by your father? He's ambitious for his children.

POLLY. Too much so. I laugh at him. He's only a retired soap-maker, and he aspires to be lord mayor of London.

(Rises, crosses to table, L. C., takes up mirror.)

GERTRUDE. Will he ever get there? *(Follows, L. C.)*

POLLY. Not at the rate he's going. He doesn't make himself popular. We can't break into society. Papa doesn't shine in London.

GERTRUDE. Neither does the sun.

POLLY. Papa is so cross with me—says I'm too slow. Am I slow?

(She rises on her toes, holds mirror before her, looks at herself at different angles.)

GERTRUDE. You don't look it.

POLLY *(bowing)*. Thanks.

(Laughs, places mirror on table, and comes C.)

GERTRUDE. Don't mention it.

POLLY. Papa says Harry's too fast.

GERTRUDE. He's just my gait.

POLLY *(pointing to door, R.)*. It was one of his nights last night.

GERTRUDE. What, another?

POLLY *(gravely)*. Yes. I heard him say to Perkins he was going to "shoot up the town." What did he mean?

GERTRUDE. That is an expression used by our cowboys. *(Laughs.)* Harry hasn't forgotten Montana.

POLLY. Dear knows when he came in, and dear knows when he'll get up. And it does make papa so angry.

(DANIEL TRUCKERMAN heard off up L., very loud.)

DANIEL. Where is everybody? Where is everybody?

POLLY. I think I hear papa.

GERTRUDE. There's something doing. I'll be moving.

(*Starts up c.*)

DANIEL (*outside*). Where's everybody? Where's everybody?

POLLY. Papa's voice sounds peevish.

GERTRUDE. He's got a grouch.

POLLY. Run into my room.

GERTRUDE (*going to door up R.*). And wait till the storm is over?

(*Exit, up R.*)

(*Enter DANIEL, up L. He comes down L. C.*)

DANIEL (L. C.). I won't stand it any longer, I won't—I say I won't.

POLLY (R. C., *meekly*). What's the matter, papa?

DANIEL (*snappishly*). Everything's the matter. Bah! (*Growls.*) Everything is combined to exasperate me. Where is that blackguard son of mine?

POLLY (*sitting on sofa, R.*). I don't know, papa.

DANIEL. Don't know, miss! Then I do. He's still in his room at midday—at midday. But my patience is exhausted. I'll put an end to it. (*Goes up c.*)

POLLY. What will you do, papa?

DANIEL. Do! I'll turn the young scoundrel out of doors bag and baggage. He shan't waste my money in riotous living any longer.

POLLY. Oh, papa! (*Rises.*)

DANIEL (*turning savagely*). Don't "Oh, papa" me. (*Comes down L. C.*) Nothing goes right with me, nothing, Polly. (*Sits L. C.*)

POLLY (*going to him, her eyes full of mischief*). We don't exactly get on, do we, papa?

DANIEL (*growling*). Get on! I do everything that a man of taste, wealth and position can do. I've given no end of parties; nothing but parties, parties—parties.

POLLY. But it's no use giving parties when nobody comes to them. That is, nobody that is anybody.

DANIEL (*rising and speaking loud*). POLLY *retreats—mock fear*). I'll make them! I don't know how, but I'll do it. They shall learn to love me yet! (*He goes up c.*)

POLLY. Is the game worth the candle, papa?

DANIEL (*coming down L. C.*). Certainly, miss, certainly. Life would be dull without game and dark without candles. There's something of the Napoleon in me, my girl. Have you ever noticed my resemblance to Napoleon?

POLLY (*sitting R.*). It's rather a distant resemblance, isn't it, papa?

DANIEL. I call it striking. I know what I owe to our position in society.

POLLY. But we haven't any position in society.

DANIEL. Yes, we have; at least we shall have—though sometimes I've half a mind to run away from it all like the young fellow I read of in the papers this morning.

POLLY. What—young fellow?

DANIEL. I forget his name—the Prince of Something or other. (*Takes up paper.*) Yes, here we are. (*Reads.*) The Prince of Eastphalia. (*POLLY crosses to him and takes paper.*) Don't grab! The money I've wasted on your education!

POLLY (*reading*). The Prince of Eastphalia, Oscar Von Verhoeff, still missing. A mysterious case for the police to solve. His Royal Highness is said to have disappeared from his kingdom. Nobody knows where he has gone, or why. His escapade is the talk of Europe.

DANIEL. Perhaps I'll astonish Europe, too, some day—when they read in the papers that Daniel Truckerman disappeared. Perhaps they'll be sorry they didn't make more of him while they had the chance. (*Crosses L. and up C.*)

POLLY. Papa, you mustn't be pusillanimous.

DANIEL. Mustn't be what, miss?

POLLY. Pusillanimous.

DANIEL (*sighing*). And the money I spent on her education!

POLLY. You will succeed some time, papa.

DANIEL. Well, I don't get much help from my family.

POLLY. Oh, papa!

DANIEL (*impatiently*). Don't "Oh, papa" me. There's that blackguard boy of mine with his running away to America—his running back home again. His mixing with them vulgar Americans instead of falling in with dukes.

POLLY (*taking flower from table, L. C., and putting it in his buttonhole*). But he doesn't know any dukes.

(*Comes down extreme L.*)

DANIEL. Isn't that what I'm complaining of? He only knows them Americans. He's an idiot. (*Picks up mirror.*)

POLLY. Not quite an idiot, papa.

DANIEL (*gazing moodily in glass*). Don't tell me. I ought to know an idiot when I see one.

POLLY. What are you looking at, papa?

DANIEL (*seeing the point, puts down mirror; angry*). That, to her father, after the money I spent on her education! (*POLLY laughs and crosses R., throwing herself on sofa. DANIEL, C.*) Don't laugh. I won't have it. You are acting like your brother. When I spoke to him about gallivanting around with that American woman, he laughed at me and said, "Dad, ring off."

POLLY. And did you?

DANIEL. Not I. I read a riot act to him. I won't have him following after that woman. I want him to soar higher—a countess or a duchess.

POLLY. But that American lady is dainty, pretty and sweet, and she's awfully rich.

DANIEL. What good is that to me? (*Sits L. C.*) I've got money—bags of money, barrels of money. I don't want money—I want blood. Americans ain't got blood.

POLLY. Now, papa, don't be absurd.

DANIEL. What?

POLLY. Don't be absurd.

DANIEL. Absurd, from her! And the money I spent on her education!

POLLY. I'm going to practice my dance. I'm getting on splendidly, but there's one twirl (*doing a step*) I can't manage. Perhaps I'll get it yet. If I do (*going to DANIEL, pats his face*), and if you are a good dear papa, maybe I'll let you see it.

DANIEL (*kissing her*). Well, you ain't a bad girl, but your tastes are low. (*Rises.*) Why don't you want to soar as I do, into the azure vault of the upper circles?

POLLY (*C.*). I don't know, papa.

DANIEL. Neither do I. How do they get hold of the nobs? I will go into the library and think it over.

(*Exit, L.*)

POLLY (*laughing*). I wish poor papa wouldn't worry himself so much, but make life pleasanter for himself and

others. Oh, I forgot all about Gertie. She must think me horrid, keeping her waiting.

(Exit, up R.)

(Enter PERKINS and OSCAR, up L.)

PERKINS (*protesting*). But, sir, the young lady is not here.

OSCAR. Don't worry. This time I come to see Mr. Truckerman—you understand? Not Miss Dainty. Mr. Truckerman. (*Aside.*) Though what I am to say to him, heaven only knows. (*Comes down C.*)

PERKINS. Oh, excuse me, sir, but might you be coming after the secretaryship?

OSCAR. I beg your pardon?

PERKINS. Were you applying to be the new secretary? If you do, don't.

OSCAR. What do you mean?

PERKINS. It's not a pleasant post, sir—take my word for it—he's always having new secretaries and always kicking them out.

OSCAR. Jolly old gentleman, isn't he?

PERKINS (*coming down L. C.*). I've seen six, in the last six weeks, and I know what I am talking about.

OSCAR (*aside*). By Jove, it's an idea. (*To PERKINS.*) Yes, I want to be the new secretary.

(Hands PERKINS card.)

PERKINS. Then I'm sorry for you. (*Shakes head.*) Very sorry for you, sir.

(Exit, L.)

OSCAR (*putting hat and gloves on table, L. C.*). What a chance, what a lark. I, Prince Oscar Von Verhoeff, a private secretary—to a parvenue millionaire. I shall apply for it. I shall get it, and I shall see her every day.

(GERTRUDE appears up R.; looks back through door.)

GERTRUDE. Back in a minute, Polly. I left my chate-laine on the table. I have something to show you. (OSCAR, *on hearing her voice, goes up C.* GERTRUDE *enters, comes*

down L. C., takes bag, turns to go up R., faces OSCAR.) You, again?

OSCAR. Yes, I, again. I told you it was only *au revoir*.

GERTRUDE (*determinedly*). Now listen to me, Mr. Black, Green, White.

OSCAR. I could listen to you forever.

GERTRUDE. Hold your tongue. If you behave like this, I shall tell the servants not to admit you.

OSCAR. Pray pardon me, but as you said, this is not your house ——

GERTRUDE. Therefore you must not come to see me in it.

OSCAR. But I am not here to see you. I am here to see Mr. Truckerman. Surely you would not prevent me from paying a visit to Mr. Truckerman?

GERTRUDE. Shall I tell you something?

OSCAR (*eagerly*). Anything.

GERTRUDE. You are what we call in the States a “masher.” The average American girl, when she runs up against one, hands him a swift punch,—and if I had not the sweetest disposition in the world ——

OSCAR. You have.

GERTRUDE. I would give you a jab on the face—as it is, I simply leave you.

(Exit, up R.)

OSCAR. The angel has a temper of her own, but it only adds to her enchantment. *(Comes down R.)*

(Enter DANIEL, L., with card in hand, preceded by PERKINS.)

PERKINS. This is the gentleman, sir.

(Exit, up L.)

DANIEL (*coming down L., and looking at card*). Mr. Black—Mr. Black. Hey, young feller, are you Black?

OSCAR (*turning*). Of course, that’s my name. Good-morning.

DANIEL (*front of table, L. C.*). Morning to you, sir. What might be your business?

OSCAR. I hear you want a private secretary.

DANIEL. I am always wanting a private secretary. I’ve had six in as many weeks.

OSCAR. Indeed!

DANIEL. Said they couldn't stand my manners.

OSCAR. How astonishing.

DANIEL. Wasn't it? Are you after the job?

OSCAR. That was my idea.

DANIEL. I guess you'll do, Mr. Black. Of course you know something about the upper ten—the swells—the nobs. I suppose you have good references?

OSCAR. The highest.

DANIEL. I shall expect nothing less than a marquis or an earl.

OSCAR. I can oblige you.

DANIEL. Well, I don't mind giving you a show. (*Looks at OSCAR, puffs up.*) What's the good of a lot of money in the bank and nobody to visit you? I like the swells, but the swells don't like me.

OSCAR (*sympathetically*). Is it possible?

DANIEL. It don't look human, but it is a fact. I've spent money with both hands, but to no good. Well, if you can think of any way to get the swells to come to my house, it will be the best day's work you ever did. Come into the library and we'll talk it over.

OSCAR. By all means.

(*They go L. OSCAR is unconsciously going to pass DANIEL, who stops him.*)

DANIEL (*proudly*). Excuse me—after me—if you please.

OSCAR (*drawing back, bowing*). I beg your pardon.

DANIEL (*at door, consideringly*). Granted. But I like my domestics to know their place. Tell the servant I want to see my son as soon as he is awake.

(*Exit, L.*)

OSCAR (*laughing*). I'm not surprised the others didn't stay. (*Rings bell.*) What would the world say if they knew the Prince of Eastphalia was acting as a private secretary to a retired soap maker? It's an awful lark. Ah, my little American beauty, you'll find I am not so easy to get rid of.

(*Enter PERKINS, up L.*)

PERKINS. I beg your pardon, but have you succeeded in getting the position?

OSCAR. I have.

PERKINS. Then you have my sincere sympathy.

OSCAR (*laughing*). Thank you, Perkins. Oh, Mr. Truckerman wishes to be informed when his son is awake.

(*Exit, L.*)

PERKINS (*shaking head*). When he is awake! That means I had better call him now.

(*Goes to door, R., peeps in, then knocks timidly.*)

HARRY TRUCKERMAN (*heard off R.*). Get away from that door!

(*Door stands partly open.*)

PERKINS (*jumping away, then timidly knocking again*). I beg your pardon, sir.

HARRY (*off R.*). Never beg a man's pardon. Give him an upper-cut.

PERKINS. Your father is asking for you, sir.

HARRY (*off R.*). What time is it?

PERKINS. Twelve o'clock, sir.

HARRY (*off R.*). Morning or evening?

PERKINS. Morning, sir.

(HARRY *appears R. He wears a crumpled evening dress; has all the appearance of a man who has had a wild night. He's a little shaky.*)

HARRY. Holy mackerel—twelve in the morning! Perkins, get me some coffee, will you? Step lively!

PERKINS. Yes, sir. I have it all ready, sir.

(*Exit, L.*)

HARRY (*slightly staggering to sofa down R.; seated, head in hand*). Last night was a world-beater. I haven't the slightest idea how I got home. The last I remember was going into the café of the Hotel Cecil with the gang about eleven o'clock, and then—(*hand to head, singing*) "I was afraid to go home in the dark."

(*Enter PERKINS, L., with tray, coffee, etc.*)

PERKINS. Your coffee, sir.

(Places cup on small table, which he draws in front of sofa, pours coffee, etc.)

HARRY. Hand me the cup. *(Lies on sofa.)*

PERKINS. Have you been in bed, sir?

HARRY. Do I look it?

PERKINS *(handing coffee)*. You do not, sir. You slept in your clothes.

HARRY *(drinking coffee)*. That helps some. *(Braces up.)* Perkins, do you see anything the matter with me?

PERKINS. Well, sir, you do look a bit seedy.

HARRY. I feel it. And then some. Perkins, there's a strange man in my room.

PERKINS. Dear, dear, he's got 'em. Come, sir, pull yourself together.

HARRY *(indignantly)*. Do you think I'm drunk?

PERKINS. I think you have been on a bit of a racket, sir.

HARRY. A racket? It was a wild west. I saw a strange man in my dressing-room just now, in uniform.

PERKINS *(going R.)*. I'll have a look, sir. *(Turns and looks at HARRY.)* Poor young man!

(Exit, R.)

HARRY. What did I do last night? *(Puts hand to head.)* No, it's no use trying to think with this thing.

(Enter PERKINS, R.)

PERKINS *(coming down R. C.)*. There's a gentleman in there, sir, and he's in uniform.

HARRY *(sighing, relieved)*. Thank goodness, I'm not daffy. What is he doing? *(Rises and crosses down L.)*

PERKINS. At this moment he's playing poker, right hand against the left.

HARRY. I mean, how in the deuce did he get here?

PERKINS. Says you invited him, sir.

HARRY. Never mind. Turn him out—tell him to go to Madagascar.

(Enter CHARLES SUMNER, R. He is dressed in a colonel's uniform with sword. He shows signs of a night's spree, but not so much as HARRY. He is of easy carriage and cool affability.)

CHARLES. You are a deuce of a fellow.

HARRY. And you are a cool one.

CHARLES. It's quite natural. (*Indicates coffee.*) Have I your permission?

HARRY. Perkins, serve the gentleman.

PERKINS. Yes, sir.

(*Gets cup and serves coffee to CHARLES.*)

HARRY. How did you get here?

CHARLES (*down R.*). You invited me.

HARRY (*down L. C.*). I must have been a bit off.

CHARLES. You were—and you imagined you were shooting up the café. You got in a row—I got you out of it.

HARRY. The deuce you say! Perkins, you are excused.

PERKINS. Very well, sir.

(*Picks up tray, cups, etc., and exit, up L.*)

HARRY. So you are my guest?

CHARLES (*sitting on sofa down R.*). An honored one. You are a holy terror. Last night you attempted to thrash a number of swells. The odds were against you. I believe in fair play—I came to your rescue. We carried off the honors. Out of gratitude for my assistance, you invited me home with you. You asked me to spend a week. I declined. A month—I declined—a year—I accepted.

HARRY. Say, I was crazy, wasn't I?

CHARLES. I must admit, in all my experience, I never met but one like you, and he was an American, a cowboy.

HARRY. I've been one.

CHARLES. I thought so. But you are English?

HARRY. Yes.

CHARLES. And your name?

HARRY (*sitting on table, L. C.*). Truckerman. Harry Truckerman.

CHARLES. Naturally—you desire to know who's your friend?

HARRY. Meaning you?

CHARLES. Meaning me.

HARRY (*laughing*). You are such a cool, affable fellow. You have aroused my curiosity.

CHARLES. Call me by any name you will, and I'll answer to it.

HARRY. Your uniform indicates that —

CHARLES (*on sofa, R.*). I am—what I am not. Last night before I met you I was at a masked ball. It amused me to play the part of an officer in a crack regiment.

HARRY. Why?

CHARLES. Why? Oh—because I love uniforms—like a woman. (*Laughs.*) And believe me, I had some fun as a Colonel of the Eastphalia Hussars.

(*Bell rings off L.*)

(*Enter PERKINS, up L.*)

PERKINS (C.). Did you ring, sir?

HARRY. No, it was in the library.

(*Exit PERKINS, L.*)

CHARLES. So you have a father?

HARRY. Have I a father? Wait till he sees you.

CHARLES. I am ready and eager for the fray. (*Rises.*)

(*Enter PERKINS, L.*)

PERKINS (C.). Excuse me, sir, your father says if you don't come and see him in five minutes he'll come and see you.

HARRY. I see a war cloud. Has he a fit?

PERKINS. Well, sir, he is often a little hasty, but I never saw him froth at the mouth before. You are in for it, sir.

(*Exit, up L.*)

HARRY. I guess I am.

CHARLES. What's the matter, dear boy? Does the governor cut up rough?

HARRY. He never fails to let you know who's the boss. He swore he'd kick me out of the house and cut me off without a shilling if I ever made a night of it again.

CHARLES. Unnatural parent. Why do elderly gentlemen never remember the days and nights of their youth?

HARRY (*going R.*). What the mischief will the governor say when he finds you here?

CHARLES (*seated on arm of sofa, R.*). I presume he'll be charmed to see me.

HARRY. He'll yell like an Indian—that's what he'll do. I'm up against it. (*Goes up c.*)

CHARLES. My dear fellow, you don't do justice to your powers of discrimination, I assure you. I regard your taste in friends as altogether admirable.

HARRY (*coming down c.*). I might defend my own conduct, but how can I explain you?

CHARLES. I explain myself. Even the least intellectual eye must know me for what I am.

HARRY. But hang it now—how can I account for you?

CHARLES. You are my host—that is your affair.

HARRY. Say, why can't you cut it and run?

CHARLES. Run? You mean leave the house hurriedly?

HARRY. Yes.

CHARLES. My dear fellow, I never ran in my life. Besides, I'm your guest for a year.

HARRY. If father runs up against you, I'll be kicked out—cut off without a shilling. Then good-bye to the sweetest little girl in the world, for I can't marry her if I'm broke.

CHARLES. So there's a woman in the case?

HARRY. Yes. That's the reason I want to keep my feet under father's table till I marry her—of course with his consent, blessing and a large bank roll. She's an American heiress.

CHARLES. I should be pleased to assist you.

HARRY (*going up c.*). But you won't run.

CHARLES. Never. Why? There are several reasons. I like you. I am a gentleman, and a gentleman never runs. I love adventure. I see one before me, and I want to be of service to you.

HARRY (*coming down c.*). And so you shall. I have it—say you are somebody interesting.

CHARLES. That's no lie. (*Crosses L. c.*)

HARRY. I have it. You say you like playing parts. Play some part that will get me out of this scrape. Impersonate some one important.

CHARLES. Delighted to oblige you, but who?

HARRY. Any one who is in the public eye. A big swell.

CHARLES. Whoever you please. What do you say to the Prime Minister?

HARRY. Father has seen him.

CHARLES. Then the American Ambassador?

HARRY (*disgusted*). Oh, be practical.

CHARLES (*picking up paper*). Haven't the slightest idea. Hullo—what's this? (*Reads.*) The missing prince. (HARRY *grabs paper.*) Thanks—dear boy. I like your home better than your manners.

HARRY (*looking at paper*). Have you ever heard of Prince Oscar Von Verhoeff of Eastphalia?

CHARLES. Everybody has heard of Prince Oscar of Eastphalia. The erratic prince, he is called. Always in love—always in scrapes, always in debt, always in good spirits. Lucky chap.

HARRY. I've struck it. Look here—he's disappeared—nobody knows where he's gone to. I'll tell the governor you're Prince Oscar of Eastphalia.

CHARLES. He'd never believe it.

HARRY. Yes he would, and I'll say we are chums.

(*Takes CHARLES' arm.*)

CHARLES. Yes—birds of a feather.

(*DANIEL heard off L.*)

HARRY. The idea is a corker. The old man will go wild to meet a prince.

CHARLES. You are my partner in crime—a sport of the first water, and if it will help you win the girl you love, why hang me, I'll do it.

HARRY. You will? Put it there. (*They shake hands.*) He's coming. There's not a moment to lose. Don't forget who you are. (*Goes down L.*)

CHARLES. All right—I am Oscar, Prince of Eastphalia to the manor born.

(*Goes R. and stretches himself on sofa.*)

(*Enter DANIEL, L., furious.*)

DANIEL. So there you are, you young rascal. Get out of my house at once.

HARRY (*at table down L. C.*). My dear father, what is the matter? I thought you would be pleased to see me this morning.

DANIEL (*angry*). Pleased! Ha—you defy my orders. You spend my money in riotous living—you go out when the

sun sets and come in when it rains. (*Points to CHARLES.*) And you bring other reprobate companions with you—the very last time. (*Up c.*) Out you go.

HARRY. Father, you forget yourself. This gentleman is no reprobate.

DANIEL. (*coming down c.*). He must be if he associates with you. You are friendly only with the riff-raff. Speak up—who is your friend?

HARRY. Why—he is ——

DANIEL. Out with it, you jabbering jackanapes.

(*Raises hand angrily.*)

HARRY (*dramatically*). Strike me, but hear me. This is the Prince of Eastphalia—the missing prince.

DANIEL (*thunderstruck—pause*). The—the—the missing prince!

HARRY. He is missing no longer—he is found, and I have found him. Your Royal Highness, may I be permitted to present my father?

CHARLES (*gazing at DANIEL up and down coldly, then extending hand*). We are very pleased to see him.

DANIEL. The Prince of Eastphalia—the missing prince?

CHARLES (*sitting up*). Hush—to you and your charming son, I am what you call me, but for the rest of the world, I am traveling strictly incognito. Sh! Secrets of state, my dear sir. Secrets of state! But my chance meeting with your son last night developed into such a friendship that I could not conceal my identity from him. Sh!

(HARRY and CHARLES *put fingers to lips and repeat Sh!*)

HARRY *bows to CHARLES, who returns it gravely.*

HARRY *laughs, aside.*)

DANIEL (*in open-mouthed astonishment—whispers in amazement*). You are the Prince of Eastphalia?

CHARLES (*affably*). At your service. (*Rises, comes c.*)

DANIEL. Here—Harry, my boy—you go outside and play a bit.

HARRY. But, father, I want to talk to his Royal Highness.

DANIEL. I want to chat with his Royal Highness alone. Get out.

(DANIEL *pushes* HARRY, R. *and comes down*. CHARLES *crosses down* L. C. DANIEL *bows three times, backing*.)

(*Exit* HARRY, R.)

DANIEL. Your Royal Highness—I've never had much to do with a prince.

CHARLES (*down* L. C.). So I perceive.

DANIEL (*disappointed*). You do! How?

CHARLES. By your manner.

DANIEL. Ah, your Royal Highness, it seems too familiar.

CHARLES (*sitting at table down* L., *and lighting a cigarette*). I permit it.

DANIEL. Well, your Royal—I mean—well, sir, I'm a man of business. Be my guest for a week. You'll be comfortable—showy house—slap up wine cellar, best of everything, only say yes.

CHARLES (*down* L., *rising, embarrassed*). My dear sir, I'm afraid it's impossible for me to oblige you.

DANIEL (C., *imploringly*). Oh, don't say that—your Royal—sir, say anything you like except that.

CHARLES. It's quite out of the question.

(*Enter* POLLY, *up* R. *She wears a long dancing skirt*.)

POLLY. Oh, papa, I can do it at last. Just see. (*She does a few steps before her father. Does a twirl down* R. *and faces* CHARLES *with a high kick. Sees* CHARLES, *stops with a gasp of surprise*.) Good gracious! (*Runs off, up* R.)

CHARLES (*eagerly*). I say, who was that?

DANIEL. My daughter Polly, sir.

CHARLES (*aside*). By Jove—that alters things. (*Aloud*.) Well, of course, if you really wish me to be your guest——

DANIEL. It would be the pride of my life to entertain a prince.

CHARLES. Then I must not refuse you.

(*Offers hand*—DANIEL *tries to kiss it, bows*.)

DANIEL. You make me the happiest man in London.

CHARLES (*graciously*). But pray present your charming daughter. I must apologize for disturbing a dance that promised to be so delightful.

DANIEL. I fly, your Royal Highness, I fly.

(Bows, goes up R. and off.)

CHARLES. Well, Charles Sumner, you've done some queer things in your time, my boy, but this is the queerest of the lot. Well, I'd do a good deal for the sake of that girl's face. Jove, how pretty she is!

(Enter HARRY, R. Comes down C.)

HARRY. Where's the old man?

CHARLES. He's not here, as you see.

HARRY. Did he swallow the bait?

CHARLES. Hook and all.

HARRY. You're a trump.

CHARLES. I'm now playing for a heart.

HARRY. You helped me out of a hole, and I'm much obliged to you.

CHARLES. I begin to think I'm much obliged to you.

HARRY. We had better have luncheon, or rather breakfast, before you go.

CHARLES. I'm not going.

HARRY. No?

CHARLES. No—your father has been good enough to invite me to be his guest for a week.

HARRY. Say, old fellow, you're a brick. But you can't accept.

CHARLES. Why not?

HARRY. He thinks you are a prince.

CHARLES. You told him so.

HARRY. That was a gentle prevarication.

CHARLES. Then keep it up. You are good at it.

HARRY. You can go some yourself. But the governor—why, he's got a heart big as an ox, and, hang it, it's a shame to impose on him.

CHARLES. The game has begun.

HARRY. But it must end.

CHARLES. Certainly. After it has brought happiness to all concerned. I shall play the prince well enough. I shall make your father happy, you and myself, and when the time comes to end the game, I shall retire gracefully—to Eastphalia.

HARRY. And if the governor wakes up and finds he has been stung—I'll take to the woods. *(Sits on sofa, R.)*

POLLY *(outside)*. So it is true, papa?

DANIEL (*outside*). It is, my child.

CHARLES. They are coming, my boy. I'm a prince—you cannot remain seated in my presence.

HARRY (*rising, disgusted*). That's the limit.

(*Enter DANIEL, up R., leading POLLY. GERTRUDE appears at door up R. PERKINS at door up L. HARRY joins GERTRUDE.*)

DANIEL (*coming down R. with POLLY*). Will your Royal Highness allow me to present my daughter?

(*POLLY courtesies. CHARLES bows. DANIEL bows low. OSCAR enters L., letter in hand. CHARLES crosses to POLLY.*)

OSCAR (*coming to L. C.*). Oh, Mr. Truckerman, I can't make out this letter.

DANIEL (*going to him quickly*). Sh—sh—bow, bow.

OSCAR. Bow! Bow! What's the matter?

DANIEL (*indicating CHARLES, who is talking to POLLY down R.*). This is Prince Oscar of Eastphalia, the missing prince.

OSCAR (*surprised*). Prince Oscar of Eastphalia! Well—I'll—be—hanged!

(*DANIEL goes up R. and brings down GERTRUDE and HARRY, who bow to CHARLES. DANIEL and POLLY also bow to CHARLES. PERKINS, in door up L., bows. OSCAR looks a moment at the group around CHARLES, then falls laughing in chair down L. C.*)

CURTAIN

Picture at fall of curtain :

PERKINS

DANIEL

GERTRUDE

HARRY

POLLY

OSCAR

CHARLES

ACT II

SCENE.—*Same set.*

(As curtain rises OSCAR enters L., reading paper.)

OSCAR *(down L., reading)*. “The whereabouts of his Royal Highness, Prince Oscar of Eastphalia, is no longer a secret. His Royal Highness is in London, the guest of one of our most prominent millionaires, Mr. Daniel Truckerman, in his princely home in Park Lane.” Well, it’s a mad world, and this is its maddest corner. *(Puts paper on table.)* But nothing matters, so long as I am free and independent. *(Goes R.)* I’ll just be calm. Nobody in Eastphalia need know I am here—nobody in London need doubt it.

(Enter DANIEL and HARRY, up L. DANIEL has arm around HARRY.)

DANIEL. My boy—my boy, you have redeemed yourself.

(DANIEL puts hat and coat on chair up L., and comes down L.)

HARRY *(up C.)*. Thanks. I’m glad to have done something.

DANIEL *(briskly)*. Ah, Mr. Black, how much a father can be mistaken in his offspring.

OSCAR *(crossing L.)*. I’ve heard so.

DANIEL *(proudly)*. He’s a chip of the old block. I’m proud of him. Mr. Black, only yesterday I looked upon that son of mine as a blackguard only fit to run after vulgar Americans and throw away my money. Instead of that he has been in the inner circle among the nobs, and has picked up a prince for a companion, and what a prince—the most prominent personage in Europe at this moment—the man whom everybody is waiting to find, and my boy found him.

OSCAR. So you found him? *(To HARRY.)*

HARRY *(coming down R.)*. I’ve been told so.

OSCAR. Quite a find.

HARRY. Rather—a surprise to me.

OSCAR. You have been to the States?

HARRY. Yes. I was a cowboy in Montana.

OSCAR (c.). You like the Americans?

DANIEL (*down L.*). Eh? What's that, Black, about Americans? Don't let me hear of them again. Nothing but the blue blood of old England is good enough for my son.

OSCAR. I rather admire your son's taste. The Americans are very clever people.

DANIEL. You're a fool.

OSCAR. Thanks. (*Bows.*)

DANIEL. I don't want to hear your thanks. That boy of mine drops those Americans and sticks to royalty or I'll drop him.

OSCAR. What will the prince say?

DANIEL. Black, you're a bit forward at times. Leave that to me and my boy.

OSCAR. I submit gracefully to your command.

DANIEL. Drop those fine speeches and get me my hat and coat. I'm going around to the club.

OSCAR. The club?

(*Hesitates a moment, then goes up and gets coat; assists DANIEL to put it on; also gives hat.*)

DANIEL. Yes. The Monarchical. They had the bad taste to blackball me at the Carlton and the Reform.

OSCAR. Bad taste? I should say so.

DANIEL. Quite so. Well, I want to make the men at the Monarchical a bit envious of my luck. They have always been so patronizing up to now. But before I go I want a little chat with you about the ceremonial incidental to the entertainment of a prince. I think you told me you knew all about it.

OSCAR. Well, a little.

DANIEL. You said you knew a lot about it. Step this way. No time like the present. I've given his Royal Highness the best part of the house to himself, already, but I don't want him to go back to Eastphalia and say he's missed anything he's been used to at home.

OSCAR. I am sure Prince Oscar will always cherish the brightest memories of his stay under your roof.

DANIEL. How do you know? Are you a mind reader? If he thinks so let him say it, not you, Mr. Black. You're a bit too fresh for me.

OSCAR (*bowing*). I beg your pardon.

DANIEL. You're always begging something. You talk too much. Follow me.

(*Struts off, L. OSCAR bows to him, smiles and exit, L.*)

HARRY. Well, this is going some. If the old gentleman falls to the fact that he's entertaining a bogus prince, good-night! It will be farewell to Gertrude. (*Throws himself on sofa, R.*) Not me—I'll make a fight for the girl I love. (*Seated in an attitude of deep thought.*)

(*Enter POLLY and GERTRUDE, up R. The four speeches following may be expressed in pantomime if preferred.*)

POLLY. Look at poor Harry.

GERTRUDE. What's the matter with him?

POLLY. He has the "dumps." If he knew you were here he wouldn't look like that.

GERTRUDE. Well, I hope not. Let's surprise him.

(*They creep down. POLLY puts hands over HARRY'S eyes; GERTRUDE stands in front of him.*)

POLLY. Who is it?

HARRY (*impatiently*). Don't play the fool. I'm in no mood for fooling.

POLLY. You ungrateful fellow. I've got something pretty to show you.

HARRY. What is it?

POLLY. Behold!

(*Removes hands. HARRY faces GERTRUDE.*)

HARRY. Gertrude!

GERTRUDE (*bowing*). At your service.

HARRY. I was just thinking of you.

POLLY. You didn't look pleasant.

GERTRUDE. And your thoughts couldn't have been of me. (*Goes L.*)

HARRY. They were, but ——

POLLY. Never say but. But go in and win—she cares for you, you care for her, only you have lost your nerve. Never mind father.

HARRY. That's your opinion.

POLLY. That's a woman's opinion, and women are

always right. I knew you were hungry for a sight of Gertrude. Yes, you are. So I thought a glimpse of Gertie would do you good, and here's your medicine.

(*Points to GERTRUDE.*)

HARRY (*kissing POLLY*). Polly, you are a wonder.
(*Goes L.*) Gertrude, you are an angel.

(*Takes her hands; pause.*)

POLLY. Go on, I won't look.

HARRY. Look at what?

POLLY. Don't hesitate, or you lose.

HARRY. Lose?

POLLY. Yes. If she is an angel, she'll stand for one.

GERTRUDE. One what?

POLLY (*going C.*). One kiss.

GERTRUDE. Oh, Polly! (*Laughs.*)

HARRY. I say, Polly, will you take a walk or go and play solitaire? I want to talk to Gertrude.

POLLY. A wise child knows when she's not wanted. Shall I go, Gertrude?

GERTRUDE. Well, I don't want to drive you away, but if you happen to be going —

POLLY. Oh, I know how it is myself. I've had some experience and I'm going to have more. I'm off. Enjoy your love feast. (*Runs up R.; turns, holding up hands.*) Bless you, my children.

(*Exit, up R., laughing.*)

GERTRUDE. She's a tease.

HARRY. But true blue.

GERTRUDE. Polly says you have a grouch. Tell me what it is. I am in a particularly gracious mood to-day. May I hear? (*Sits down L.*)

HARRY. I was blue, I admit. But I never was happier in my life than at this present moment; but I could be happier if—I could be happier —

GERTRUDE (*laughing*). As happy as we were in the old days in Montana.

HARRY (*sitting*). They were happy days.

GERTRUDE. Ah—I wish I were there now.

HARRY. With me?

GERTRUDE. That would be telling. Oh—no more England for me, I'm going back to the dear old West. I can't stand it here, it's too stuffy and starchy.

HARRY. Yes, things are rather stiff.

GERTRUDE. I get so tired of the pomp and knee bending. I just want to fly over the range on a broncho's back and yell.

HARRY. Yes—but where do I come in?

GERTRUDE. I thought perhaps you would be there.

HARRY. How am I to get there?

GERTRUDE. There are trains running and steamers crossing the Atlantic.

HARRY. But I am broke.

GERTRUDE. Oh, what's the difference? I have plenty.

HARRY. But can't you see ——

GERTRUDE (*putting her hand on his shoulder*). I can't see anything but you. I can't remember anything except the pledge I gave you out there in Montana. I gave you my love.

HARRY (*taking her hands*). Little girl, I cherish it more than my life.

GERTRUDE (*shrugging her shoulders, turns her back to him, half pouting*). You have a poor way of showing it.

HARRY (*rising*). What would you have me do?

GERTRUDE (*her head down, back to him—with the point of her toe making a mark on floor*). It is not a woman's privilege to—to say.

HARRY. But it is a man's privilege to ask, and I would ask you to marry me to-morrow, but for my poverty and honor.

GERTRUDE. Your honor?

HARRY. Yes. You are wealthy. I have only that which my father, as long as I obey his commands, chooses to give me. Honor forbids me to take a mean advantage of your wealth. You could marry a title.

GERTRUDE (*turning and looking at him*). Many an American girl has married a titled rogue and regretted it.

HARRY. Perhaps you will regret it, if you were to marry me.

GERTRUDE. I'm willing to take the plunge.

HARRY (*sighing*). If I only dared.

GERTRUDE. Don't sigh over it. Let me do the sighing.

HARRY. But my poverty?

GERTRUDE. Oh, drop that poverty talk. Harry, I know you. Back again, on the ranch, you'll make things hum. You're a man, every inch of you. I am free—an independent woman. I can marry when I please. I am willing to bank on you. (*Gives him her hands.*)

HARRY. Gertrude—I'll try never to let you regret it.

(*Kisses her.*)

GERTRUDE. Your father will buck like a Texas broncho.

HARRY. Don't worry; I'll take care of father.

GERTRUDE. Now your fighting blood is up and you are my Harry.

(*They kiss. POLLY appears up R.*)

POLLY. Ahem!

(HARRY and GERTRUDE turn backs to audience, look at POLLY. POLLY laughs.)

GERTRUDE. Polly, that's mean of you. You were peeping.

POLLY. Never! I was looking. Taking an observation, learning the art of love-making. Are you through?

GERTRUDE. We haven't commenced.

POLLY. Tell that to a blind woman, not me. Gertie, if you can spare me a moment, I want you.

HARRY. Don't leave the house till you see me again. I'm going to settle everything to-day.

GERTRUDE. All right.

(GERTRUDE goes up R. She and POLLY meet, kiss and go off up R.)

HARRY. Now to get out of this mess. My first move will be to get rid of this false prince. (*Enter PERKINS up L.; crosses R.*) Perkins, the very man. (*To PERKINS.*) Perkins!

PERKINS (*coming down R.*). Yes, sir.

HARRY. Are you a brave man?

PERKINS. I've never run under fire.

HARRY. And would you serve me?

PERKINS. There is nothing I wouldn't do for you, sir.

HARRY. Then kick out of the house the man I brought home with me.

PERKINS. Then he isn't a prince, after all?

HARRY. No more than you are.

PERKINS. That looks bad.

HARRY. It does for me.

PERKINS. What can I do for you, sir, leaving out the kicking?

HARRY. He must be got rid of, and I leave that to you. (*Goes up c. ; turns.*) Stop!

PERKINS. I haven't moved, sir.

HARRY. I have an idea.

PERKINS. Is it a kicking idea?

HARRY (*laughing*). No. We will drop the kicking. You shall come here, pretend to be the real Prince Oscar, and frighten this fellow away.

PERKINS. You couldn't frighten him, sir, with a machine gun.

HARRY. No, but he'll think you are the real prince and he'll sneak away—afraid to face the music.

PERKINS. Do I look like a prince?

HARRY. Well, no, not particularly. We'll jump in a cab and drive 'round to the costumer's, rig you out in a uniform and some whiskers——

PERKINS. Eh—whiskers?

HARRY. Of course—you'll have to have whiskers. Whiskers will make you look fierce.

PERKINS. I think I should look rather well in a uniform.

HARRY. Of course you will.

PERKINS. But, sir, I don't like the whiskers.

HARRY. Oh, you must have whiskers.

PERKINS. But if master should learn of it, sir, and discharge me?

HARRY. I'll take you to the States with me.

PERKINS. Are you going back to America?

HARRY. I am.

PERKINS. Then I'll stick to you.

HARRY. Then we must hurry.

PERKINS. Who will attend to my work?

HARRY. Oh, Wilkins can manage it for a few hours.

PERKINS. But if Mr. Truckerman should ask for me?

HARRY. I'll tell him that you have taken a holiday to bury your grandmother.

PERKINS. Do you think this man will sneak away, sir?

HARRY. Of course he will. Come on, there's no time to lose.

(HARRY goes up L. and exit.)

PERKINS (*following*). I don't like the whiskers.

(Exit up L.)

(Enter POLLY, up R., with book; comes down R. CHARLES enters L.)

CHARLES. Ahem!

POLLY. Oh, you here? (*Goes up R.*)

CHARLES. Don't run away from me, Polly.

POLLY. Don't call me Polly, sir.

CHARLES. Why not?

POLLY. It's too familiar, or too condescending from you to me. (*Comes down R.*)

CHARLES (*coming down C.*). Not at all. It's one of the privileges of princes to call pretty girls by their pretty names. Polly is a very pretty rustic name for a very pretty girl.

POLLY (*putting book on sofa, R.*). May I leave you, sir?

CHARLES. No, you may not, dear.

POLLY (*starting*). Dear?

CHARLES. You know it isn't etiquette to leave a royal personage without permission.

POLLY. Is it etiquette for you to call me "dear"?

CHARLES. Of course it is, if you are dear to me.

POLLY. I think you are behaving very badly.

(Sits on sofa, R.)

CHARLES. How?

POLLY. In—in—well, in making love to me. You—you have been making love to me.

CHARLES (C.). I hoped so.

POLLY. Then how dared you! You've no right to.

CHARLES. Since when have I lost the right to make love to a girl?

POLLY. Since you married.

CHARLES. Why—my dear child, I'm not married.

POLLY. Sir, for shame! I have been reading the Almanac de Gotha.

CHARLES. Have you? Did it amuse you?

POLLY. Not at all, for it told me all about your marriage to Princess Maria, of Saarsburg. (*Takes book from sofa.*)

CHARLES (*half aside*). By Jove, I forgot all about that.

POLLY. Sir!

CHARLES. Are you sure I'm married?

POLLY (*handing him open book*). Quite sure.

CHARLES (*reading*). "Married June, 1901—Princess Maria of Saarsburg—Katherine Gretchen Theresa Wilhelmina—Princess Von Verhoeff." (*Laughs.*) Now, my dear child, I ask you, how could I remember being married to all those names?

POLLY. It's no laughing matter. Of course I know that being a prince, you could marry only a princess, but still it makes it worse to find you've already done so.

CHARLES. Oh, Polly—do you think you could have cared for me a little bit?

POLLY. I shan't tell you.

CHARLES. Please tell me.

POLLY. I shan't tell you. Oh, I wish you weren't a stupid prince.

CHARLES. Do you? Why?

POLLY. Oh, because—never mind.

CHARLES. But I do mind. (*Aside.*) I will. (*Puts book on table, L. C., and comes back, C.*) My dear little Polly, I may be a stupid man, but I am not a stupid prince.

POLLY. I didn't mean that you were stupid.

CHARLES. I'm not a prince at all.

POLLY (*gasping*). What! (*Rises, and retreats up R.*)

CHARLES. Now, listen to me—perhaps you'll hate me when I'm done, but at least listen to me. I am not Prince Oscar Von Verhoeff of Eastphalia.

POLLY. You are not Prince Oscar Von Verhoeff?

(*Comes down back of sofa, R.*)

CHARLES. Not a bit of it. It all began in a joke to get your brother out of a scrape, but I assure you the joke wouldn't have lasted five minutes if it hadn't been for you.

POLLY. For me?

CHARLES. Yes—when you came in dancing with your eyes shining and your cheeks burning. Why, you danced straight into my heart, and then I had to stay, whatever happened.

POLLY. Are you telling me the truth?

CHARLES. Curiously enough—yes.

POLLY. How dreadfully disappointed poor papa will be.

CHARLES. Never mind poor papa. Are you disappointed?

POLLY (*back of sofa*). It was very wrong of you.

CHARLES. It was very wrong of me, yes—man is sin and flesh is but grass—and all the rest of it, but I'd do it all over again to be with you another day. I'd do anything else to be with you forever.

POLLY (*extending hands*). Would you really?

CHARLES. I should really. (*Takes her hand; kneels on sofa.*) And will you try and like me a little bit?

POLLY. No.

CHARLES. Why not?

POLLY. Because I like you a great deal already.

CHARLES (*delighted—they sit*). Ah!

POLLY (*drawing back*). Stop a bit—I don't know whom I like now. Who are you?

CHARLES. Let me present myself. My name is Charles Sumner—the Hon. Charles Sumner.

POLLY. Oh—are you the brother of Lord Sumner?

CHARLES. Yes. But I'm afraid my brother, Lord Sumner, would cross the street rather than speak to me. And your father would prefer a reigning prince to a penniless younger son.

POLLY. But the question now is, how are you going to get out of this without hurting papa's feelings?

CHARLES. I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world. Let me think. By Jove, there's a princess, you say?

POLLY. The Almanac de Gotha says so—Princess Von Verhoeff.

CHARLES. Of course, I forgot. The lady with all the names. How would it do for somebody to play the part of my princess, to turn up here, pretend to be very angry at my escape and carry me off into captivity?

POLLY. That might be done, and I think I know the very girl to do it.

CHARLES. Who?

POLLY. Gertrude Dainty. (*Rises.*)

CHARLES (*rising*). Who is Gertrude Dainty?

POLLY. An American girl—my chum.

CHARLES. Is she pretty?

POLLY (*quickly*). What does that matter to you?

CHARLES. Nothing—nothing. I was only thinking of your father.

POLLY (*going up R.*). Well, I must go and ask Gertrude. Good-bye for the present.

CHARLES. Good-bye.

POLLY (*at door up R., turning and bowing low*). Your Royal Highness. (*Laughs and exit, up R.*)

CHARLES (*R. C., hands in pockets*). By Jove, she's a prize.

(*Enter OSCAR, L. ; half laughing, down C. ; coughs.*)

OSCAR. I trust your Royal Highness finds himself quite well to-day.

CHARLES. Quite well, thank you. And you?

OSCAR. Quite well. I fear your Royal Highness does not remember me.

CHARLES (*a trifle nervous*). Awfully sorry. I see so many people.

OSCAR. Oh, I am not surprised, but I was present at your Royal Highness' coming of age.

CHARLES (*starting*). The deuce you were!

OSCAR. Yes, indeed, and I was also present at your Royal Highness' marriage.

CHARLES. The deuce!

OSCAR. I know Eastphalia pretty well, and the face of his Royal Highness is very familiar to me. (*Bows low.*)

CHARLES (*aside*). By Jove, I believe—he believes it.

OSCAR (*coming down C.*). Would it be indiscreet of me to ask your Royal Highness why he has come here?

CHARLES. Not at all. There was a lady in the case.

(*Folds arms.*)

OSCAR (*folding arms*). Oh—a lady in the case?

(*They are standing side by side facing audience.*)

CHARLES. Is there not always a lady in the case with Oscar of Eastphalia?

OSCAR (*dryly*). I believe so. (*Goes L.*)

CHARLES. I assure you I shouldn't be here at all if it weren't for the sweetest girl in the world. You'll excuse

me, but pressing business compels me to set a limit to my delight in your conversation. Good-day.

OSCAR. I will take my leave, your Royal Highness.

CHARLES. No, thanks; don't trouble.

(Exit, up R.)

OSCAR. What the deuce makes him do it? *(Takes cigarette from case, leaves case on table L. C., lights cigarette.)* By Jove, if I could change places with him, whoever he is, I'd do it. *(Enter PERKINS, up L. He has on uniform similar to CHARLES' in Act I, but too large for him. Grotesque, fierce-looking moustache, which, during scene, gives him trouble to keep in place. He advances with attempted majesty, and standing on tiptoes, places one hand on OSCAR'S shoulder. OSCAR turns.)* Hullo. *(Laughs.)* What do you want?

PERKINS. You don't know me?

OSCAR. No. Who are you?

PERKINS. I am Prince Oscar of Eastphalia.

OSCAR. What, another? *(Laughs.)*

PERKINS *(feebly)*. There—there is only one.

OSCAR. I have reason to know there is another.

PERKINS *(alarmed)*. You do—you do?

OSCAR. Yes, and at the present time he is in this house.

PERKINS *(bracing up)*. Pooh—pooh—that man's an impostor.

OSCAR *(L. C.)*. Nothing of the kind. I know Prince Oscar as well as I know myself, and he is in the house at this moment.

PERKINS *(C.)*. Are you sure?

OSCAR. Perfectly.

PERKINS *(weakly, but keeping up the bluff)*. But I am Prince Oscar.

OSCAR. Oh, no, you are not. Prince Oscar could never look the funny figure that you do. *(Laughs.)*

PERKINS *(blustering)*. I do not look a funny figure. It's dignity.

OSCAR. False dignity. However, if you still assert your identity, the best thing I can do is to send the other claimant to you. *(Goes up L.)*

PERKINS *(nervous)*. Don't trouble.

OSCAR. Oh, it's no trouble—a pleasure.

(Laughs and exit, L. PERKINS sighs, goes to chair at table L. C., puts sword at back of him, tries to sit down but sword is in the way, jumps up—tries to sit again, sword falls out of scabbard. He picks it up, tries to put it back wrong way—business ad lib. Holds scabbard up, looks into it, taps it as if to shake out dust—tries again, same business, disgusted.)

PERKINS. This thing of playing a prince makes me weary. It's worse than answering bells. (Bell rings off L. PERKINS starts L.; stops.) Oh, I forgot. I'm not the servant, but a prince. (Struts C.) It may be the master—he must not see me. (Crosses quickly.) Mr. Harry's room.

(Stumbles over sword, etc. Exit, R. Pause.)

(Enter WILKINS, up L., followed by PRINCESS MARIA VON VERHOEFF. She stares around the room, haughtily.)

WILKINS. Er—what name shall I give, miss—(she glares at him) er—madam—(she looks angry) er—your ladyship?

PRINCESS (with freezing hauteur). You may tell him that the Princess Von Verhoeff, of Eastphalia, is here.

WILKINS (stammering). The Princess—er—Von Verhunk? Yes, miss—I mean your Royal 'Ighness. Please be seated.

(Places chair for her awkwardly down L. She sits. Exit WILKINS, L.)

(Enter CHARLES, up R.)

CHARLES. Hullo—who's this? Why, it's Polly's friend, of course. (Comes down C.) So my dear girl, you have arrived?

PRINCESS (astonished). My dear girl! (Coldly.) I beg your pardon.

CHARLES. By Jove, I'm delighted to see you.

(Offers hand.)

PRINCESS (coldly). Sir! (Rises.)

CHARLES. Very absurd—I have never seen you before. (Laughs.) However, better late than never. We must make up for lost time now, eh? (Comes down R.)

PRINCESS (*haughtily*). Sir, I am the Princess Maria Von Verhoeff of Eastphalia.

CHARLES (*laughing*). Of course you are. I know that, quite right—keep it up.

PRINCESS (*going up c.*). Are you mad?

CHARLES (*delighted*). Capital—capital. By Jove, you've got the queenly manner, and no mistake.

PRINCESS (*coldly*). Pray tell me who you are.

CHARLES. Excellent—royal. Couldn't be better. (*Laughs.*) Wish I could do it as well. (*Imitates her dignified bearing.*) I am Prince Oscar of Eastphalia.

PRINCESS. What? (*Astonished.*)

CHARLES (*going up c.*). I suppose you quite understand what you've got to do?

PRINCESS. What I've got to do!

CHARLES. You see, you've come to look after your runaway husband.

PRINCESS. That's quite true. I have come to look after my runaway husband.

CHARLES. Of course you are very angry with him?

PRINCESS. I certainly am very angry with him.

CHARLES. And you want to carry him back with you to Eastphalia?

PRINCESS. I mean to carry him back with me to Eastphalia.

CHARLES (*laughing*). In disgrace?

PRINCESS (*decidedly*). In disgrace.

CHARLES. Well, then, all you've got to do is to tell the old man that you are the Princess of Eastphalia—you claim your truant husband. (*Goes to her.*) One fond embrace.

(*Starts to embrace her; she draws back haughtily.*)

PRINCESS. Sir!

CHARLES. No? Well, perhaps you are right—after all, Polly mightn't like it.

PRINCESS (*puzzled*). Polly mightn't like it?

CHARLES. Yes, I said so. Well, I suppose the next best thing is to see the old man.

PRINCESS. The old man?

CHARLES. Why, yes—tell him you've come to carry me off. Injured wife—outraged queen—take no excuse—you'll catch on in a second. (*Crosses L.*) By Jove, you're a

smart girl—a stunner. If it wasn't for Polly I'd make a play for you.

PRINCESS (*coming down R.*). The man's mad.

CHARLES. See you later. Back in a minute. Ta, ta.

(*Exit, L.*)

PRINCESS. He is unquestionably a madman. But why did he pretend to be Oscar? (*Goes up R.*)

(*Enter WILKINS, L.*)

WILKINS. Mr. Truckerman will be here in just a moment, miss—er—I mean your Royal 'Ighness.

PRINCESS (*haughtily*). Very well.

WILKINS. Yes, ma'am—I mean your Royal 'Ighness, ma'am.

(*Hasty exit, L.*)

PRINCESS (*up R.*). Now where can Oscar be?

(*PERKINS peeks out door R. Not seeing PRINCESS, he comes down C.*)

PERKINS. I wonder where that fellow is keeping himself?

(*Turns up C., meets PRINCESS.*)

PRINCESS. What is this?

PERKINS (*crossing L. C.*). Excuse me—I'm in a hurry to meet a man.

PRINCESS (*haughtily*). Stop—I command you.

PERKINS. Dear, dear, I wish I was out of here.

PRINCESS (*C.*). What are you doing here in that dress?

PERKINS (*nervously*). Doing here in this dress?

PRINCESS (*coming C.*). Why are you wearing that uniform?

PERKINS. There's no hope for it. I must brazen it out. (*Puffs up.*) Who has a better right to wear it than I have?

PRINCESS. And pray what right —

PERKINS (*up C.*). That is a question I'm not compelled to answer, but as you are a woman, I will. I am Prince Oscar of Eastphalia. (*Strikes attitude.*)

PRINCESS (*coming down R.*). What!

PERKINS (*nervously*). Please don't shout so loud. You will disturb the cook.

PRINCESS (*decidedly*). Leave the room.

PERKINS. I am a prince, and can't obey your order.

PRINCESS. Do you hear? Leave my presence.

PERKINS (*aside*). Who can she be?

PRINCESS (*loudly*). Go!

PERKINS. Oh!

(*Runs off L., gets mixed up with sword between legs, etc.*)

PRINCESS. I must have got into an asylum. (*Crosses L.*) But why do they all say they are Oscar? And where is Oscar if he is not here? (*Sees cigarette case on table, picks it up, looks at it.*) Ah, this is his cigarette case.

(*Puts case on table.*)

OSCAR (*off L.*). Mr. Truckerman.

PRINCESS. Oscar, my friend, I've caught you now.

(*Exit door up L.*)

OSCAR (*off L.*). Very well, Mr. Truckerman. (*Enter L.*) I wish the divine Gertrude would put in an appearance. (*Comes down L.*) She must be somewhere in the house.

(*Sits on chair down L., and is hidden from up R.*)

(*Enter GERTRUDE, up R.*)

GERTRUDE. But to please Polly, I must go through with it. (*She goes to door up L., as if making an entrance as servant. Announces herself, not seeing OSCAR.*) Her Royal Highness, Princess Maria of Eastphalia.

(*Comes down C. as if she were the princess entering.*)

OSCAR (*leaping to his feet*). What in the name of ——

GERTRUDE (*seeing him*). What, you, Mr. Black?

OSCAR. What, you, Miss Dainty?

GERTRUDE (*coming down R.*). Yes. I was sent here to meet a sham prince, and I find only White—Green or Black. So you are the man who is pretending to be the Prince Von Verhoeff of Eastphalia?

OSCAR. I like that. If it comes to that, why on earth are you pretending to be the Princess of Eastphalia?

(*Crosses to her; folds arms.*)

GERTRUDE. To please you, it appears. Oh, I understand it all.

OSCAR. That's very clever of you. It's more than I do.

GERTRUDE. And I'm afraid I can't be as angry as I ought to be. So this is why you pretended to be the prince, is it?

OSCAR. Think so?

GERTRUDE. You said you'd get into the house somehow, but I never thought you would have dared to attempt such cheek as this.

OSCAR. My dear girl—for your sake—I have dared—a good deal more than you call my cheek.

GERTRUDE. Why do you take so much trouble?

OSCAR. Because I adore you.

GERTRUDE. My dear Mr. Black—or is it *mon cher* prince? (*Curtsey.*)

OSCAR. I should like you to call me my dear Oscar.

GERTRUDE. I'm afraid I can't oblige you.

OSCAR. Look here—if we are both playing parts—if I am Prince of Eastphalia, if you are Princess of Eastphalia—if we are both impostors, let us keep the imposture a little longer.

(*Tries to take GERTRUDE'S hand—she draws away.*)

GERTRUDE. What's the good? I know you're not the prince—you know I'm not the princess.

OSCAR. Unhappily, no.

(*PRINCESS appears up L. and overhears rest of scene.*)

GERTRUDE (*decidedly*). You couldn't be any further from the princess than you are from me. You only waste your precious time, for you see I love some one else.

OSCAR. Indeed! Who?

GERTRUDE. Your friend—Mr. Harry Truckerman.

OSCAR. Oh—hang Harry!

GERTRUDE. Oh, no—he's not quite so bad as that.

OSCAR. I congratulate you.

GERTRUDE. You don't mean that. But it doesn't matter. Why don't you clear out? You are awfully in the way here.

OSCAR. So it appears.

GERTRUDE. You must get away somehow—I'm afraid I

can't help you now, but go gracefully, without undeceiving the old man. Let him really think he had a prince under his roof.

OSCAR. Would it really give him so much pleasure?

GERTRUDE. Why, of course it would. He's what you call an awful snob.

OSCAR. Then he shall have his heart's desire. I am Prince Oscar.

GERTRUDE (*laughing*). Of course you don't expect me to believe you?

OSCAR. It is true—I am the prince.

GERTRUDE. Then you're very silly to try to make love to me.

OSCAR (*stiffly*). I really fail to understand you.

GERTRUDE (*laughing*). For goodness' sake don't get dignified. It doesn't suit you a bit. (*Sits R., on sofa.*)

OSCAR. Can't you understand that I love you madly, wildly, blindly—that I don't care a hang about Eastphalia or anything else, so long as there is a chance of finding love in your eyes and welcome on your lips?

(*He tries to embrace her—she rises and waves him off.*)

GERTRUDE. You forget you are a married man. Your love is an insult to me. As an American girl, I should resent it with a horsewhip. But for the sake of the princess, whom, if report say true, is one of the best women in Europe, I'll overlook your madness. But you must promise never again to breathe a word of love to me.

OSCAR (*after pause*). I see how bitterly I have wronged you. I shall trouble you no more.

(*PRINCESS disappears up L.*)

GERTRUDE. Now you are wise. (*Extends hand.*) Good luck. I only hope the princess may never suffer from your folly. Good-bye.

OSCAR (*taking her hand*). Good-bye. (*GERTRUDE goes up R.*) One moment—please do not tell any one who I really am. I have reasons. I want to do it myself, when the time comes.

GERTRUDE (*bowing, half mockingly, half serious*). Your Royal Highness shall be obeyed.

(*Exit, up R.*)

OSCAR (*looking after her*). I never felt so small in my life. (*Turns down L. PRINCESS comes down C.*)

PRINCESS. Oscar!

OSCAR (*startled*). Maria!

PRINCESS. You are surprised to see me?

OSCAR. Well, rather.

PRINCESS (*going R.*). Well, I'm here.

OSCAR. I see you are.

PRINCESS. Well, what are you doing here?

OSCAR. Well, what are you doing here?

PRINCESS. I presume the Princess of Eastphalia has a right to be with her husband.

OSCAR. Well, it's a right she needn't find it always necessary to exercise.

PRINCESS. That is for me to judge. Who is your accomplice?

OSCAR. My accomplice?

PRINCESS. Yes—the person who—who pretends to be you.

OSCAR. My dear Maria, he is not my accomplice.

PRINCESS. Indeed?

OSCAR. Indeed! When I came to London, I found him here in this house masquerading as my humble self.

PRINCESS (*sarcastically*). A likely story. How did you come here at all?

OSCAR. Why, I——

PRINCESS (*breaking in*). Oscar—we have not been the best of friends, but we needn't lie to each other, so be frank. I know of your infatuation for an American girl. I learned she was in London. I came here and found you here, where this girl comes to see you.

OSCAR. I beg your pardon—she does not come here to see me.

PRINCESS. And you do not come here to see her?

OSCAR. Oh, that's another story. I certainly do.

PRINCESS. And you admit to me—your wife—your infatuation for a woman who is pure and good—who only laughs at you.

OSCAR. You are right—she only laughs at me—she has no use for a prince.

PRINCESS. I know it, for I overheard every word she said to you.

OSCAR. You did?

PRINCESS. I did.

OSCAR. Phew! Well, as the Americans say—"forget it."

PRINCESS. That depends upon your future conduct.

OSCAR. Oh, I'm not such a bad husband, as husbands go. After I've had my lark, I shall return home and be good. I want to help this little American girl to secure as her husband the man of her choice, a clever young fellow, whose father——

DANIEL (*very loud, outside L.*). I say he shan't.

OSCAR. That's the man.

PRINCESS. Who?

OSCAR. The father.

(*Enter PERKINS, very cautious, R., trying to escape. PRINCESS moves to door up L., pulling down her veil. PERKINS dodges down behind sofa. Enter DANIEL, L., in a rage.*)

DANIEL (*coming down C.*). I'll not permit it. (*He sputters in his rage—sees OSCAR standing down L. C. Pauses and looks at him. The moment DANIEL enters, PERKINS, who is trying to escape, makes a funny exit back through door, R.*) Here you, Black—send the prince to me. I'll see if he leaves my house right when the nobs are coming. I won't have it.

(*DANIEL, in a rage, throws himself on sofa down R.*)

OSCAR (*very humble*). Very well, sir.

(*He joins PRINCESS at door up L., where her looks and gestures express her astonishment at his menial position.*)

(*Enter CHARLES, L. DANIEL sees him, jumps up. CHARLES wears uniform of Act I.*)

DANIEL (*down R.*). Oh—there you are, Prince. Say—what's this I hear about you leaving us?

CHARLES (*C.*). Oh—then you've seen her! Then she's told you?

(*PRINCESS shows anger—OSCAR restrains her; they are just outside door up L.*)

DANIEL. No, sir, I have not seen her, and she has not

told me. But my son told me; so you want to run away, do you? But you gave me your promise to stay for a week, and I'll hold you to it.

CHARLES. I'm extremely sorry, but Eastphalia won't wait.

DANIEL (*going up R., excited*). Eastphalia must wait. (*Shouts.*) Eastphalia shall wait. A promise is a promise. You've got to keep it.

CHARLES. But, my good sir —

DANIEL (*coming to CHARLES, C., shouting loudly*). Don't "but" me. (*Lowers voice.*) I've asked a few big wigs to meet you to-night. The Prime Minister—the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a royal duke and some assorted earls. Have all them here, and no prince to meet 'em! They'd kill me. Chop off my head or something. (*Gasps.*)

CHARLES. Send them word that the prince was compelled to leave suddenly, and call the reception off.

DANIEL. No, sir. This will be the biggest night of my life—all the swells here, and I won't have you leaving. A bargain's a bargain, even with a Royal Highness. You don't leave this house to-night.

CHARLES. Do you propose to detain me by force?

DANIEL. That's just what I propose to do, if you won't listen to reason.

CHARLES. I'll leave here, and at once.

DANIEL. We'll see. (*Calls loudly.*) Perkins, Wilkins, Perkins! Come here. (*PERKINS appears door R., but instantly dodges back.*) Wilkins, where are you?

(*Enter WILKINS, L., hurriedly.*)

WILKINS. Yes, sir; yes, sir.

DANIEL. Lock every door leading out of the house, and bring the keys to me. And be quick about it. (*Pushes him L.* CHARLES *laughs and goes up R.* Exit WILKINS, L.) Where's Perkins? (*DANIEL comes C.* The PRINCESS and OSCAR *come down L.* DANIEL *turns and sees her.* PERKINS *enters R. and stands trembling.*) Oh, are you the lady who wanted to see me? What do you want?

PRINCESS. I've been looking for the missing prince.

(CHARLES *makes a quick exit up R.*)

DANIEL. There's the prince.

(He turns and points to PERKINS, whose face is turned away, and whom he mistakes for CHARLES.)

PRINCESS. What! That the Prince of Eastphalia!

(PERKINS runs toward door up L. Stumbles over sword, etc.)

DANIEL. Certainly. *(PRINCESS laughs.)* Here, where you going? Wilkins! *(WILKINS runs in L.)* Stop him!

(DANIEL follows PERKINS. WILKINS tries to stop PERKINS, but the latter pushes him aside and runs out up L.)

(Enter CHARLES, up R.)

CHARLES. No escape that way. Hullo!

(DANIEL turns and sees CHARLES.)

DANIEL. Why, here he is! Grab him!

(WILKINS runs over R. and seizes CHARLES. DANIEL seizes him also.)

CHARLES. That will do.

(Shakes them off, and comes down R.)

DANIEL *(following him)*. Now I've got you, Prince Oscar of Eastphalia, and you stay right here!

(PRINCESS stands L., amazed. OSCAR falls into chair down L., laughing loudly. CHARLES and DANIEL down R. WILKINS up C.)

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as Act I.*

(There is a pause after curtain is up. PERKINS peeps out of door up L.)

PERKINS. The coast is clear. *(Enter HARRY, R. Sees HARRY.)* Oh, dear! *(Retires quickly up L.)*

HARRY *(looking around, going to door up R., calling)*. Oh, Polly!

GERTRUDE *(entering up R.)*. Polly's gone out for a walk.

HARRY. Never mind, it was only a ruse of mine to see you.

GERTRUDE *(coming down R.)*. Have you sprung the question on your father?

HARRY *(following her down R.)*. I am waiting.

GERTRUDE. Don't wait, or you'll get cold feet.

HARRY. I'll do it—as soon as I am rid of my unwelcome visitor.

GERTRUDE. Don't weaken.

HARRY. I won't.

GERTRUDE. You will defy him, even if he kicks you out?

HARRY. He will kick me out. I feel it—at least I shall feel it.

GERTRUDE *(laughing)*. It will do you good—start your blood circulating. If he refuses?

HARRY. It's up to you.

GERTRUDE. Then I'll take you under my wing and we will fly away to dear old Montana. *(The bell rings off L. PERKINS enters quickly up L. Sees GERTRUDE, jumps back.)* Some one is coming. It may be your father. I'd better get under cover. Harry, when you and your father come together, fire hot shot into him.

(Exit, up R.)

HARRY. She's a trump. I wonder where Perkins is?

(Goes to door, L. Looks off.)

(*Enter PERKINS, up L. Looks around.*)

PERKINS. Thank goodness—the coast is clear at last. Now perhaps I can slip away.

(*Creeps toward door up R. Sneezes. This attracts HARRY's attention. He comes C. and touches PERKINS on arm.*)

HARRY. Hello, Perkins.

PERKINS. Oh! (*Jumps in alarm; falls in HARRY's arms. HARRY puts him on sofa down R. His leg is under him. He sits on spur, jumps up.*) Good gracious!

HARRY. Did I startle you?

PERKINS (*very weak, hand on heart, sickly smile*). I should think you did startle me, sir. My heart is in my mouth.

HARRY. Where have you been all this while?

PERKINS (*standing down R.*). Excuse me, sir, if I ask you, where have you been all this while?

HARRY (*down C.*). Why, in the smoking-room, waiting for you to make your report, as we agreed.

PERKINS. I wish I could get somewhere, sir, so I could take off these regimentals, sir.

HARRY (*going L. and sitting on edge of table*). Well, have you frightened him out of the house?

PERKINS. Frightened him out of the house? I beg your pardon, sir, I'm frightened out of my wits.

HARRY. Why?

PERKINS. If I'm ever discovered, you'll find, sir—this practical joke you are playing on me, sir, will be the death of me.

HARRY. What practical joke have I been playing on you?

PERKINS. You know, sir.

HARRY. I do not.

PERKINS. You did it very clever, sir, and you fooled me—with my eyes open, when you asked me to please you by driving or scaring away a sham prince.

HARRY. Well, have you done it?

PERKINS (*going C.*). I beg your pardon, sir, but you knew very well he was the real prince all the time.

HARRY. What the dickens are you talking about?

PERKINS. I hope you'll not think me rude, sir, if I ask you—you're not going to pretend he's not the real prince now, are you?

HARRY. Do you mean to say that the fellow I picked up at the ball is the Prince of Eastphalia?

PERKINS. That's what I've been wanting to say, sir.

HARRY. Nonsense! Who told you that?

PERKINS. Mr. Black says so.

HARRY. Great Scott! (*Sits L.*) What does Black know about it, I should like to know? Is he sure this fellow is the prince?

PERKINS. He seemed positive, sir.

HARRY. Oh, Black is the governor's secretary. He's got to believe what the governor believes. Don't be afraid, Perkins, the man is only a "rounder" I picked up when I was—well, when I was a little ——

PERKINS. I know how you were, sir—you went to bed with your boots on.

HARRY (*half laughing*). That will do, Perkins. You have lost your pull with me since you have failed to run that bogus prince away. What have you been doing all this time?

PERKINS. Hiding like a rat in a hole.

HARRY. Where?

PERKINS (*pointing R. and up L.*). There—and there. First in your room. I feared I'd be found there, so I hid outside on the balcony, and I've caught ——

(*Sneezes very loud.*)

HARRY. I see you have. Why were you afraid?

PERKINS. Of your father, of course, sir. If he'd discovered I wasn't Perkins—I mean if Perkins wasn't what he should be, sir—he'd ——

HARRY (*making motion of a kick*). He'd see that you landed on the door-steps.

PERKINS (*hands back of him, in pain—giving a jump, as if being kicked*). That's what I was afraid of, sir, landing on the door-step.

HARRY. There's where I'm afraid I'll land, if father learns of my deception.

PERKINS. He will learn sooner or later, sir.

HARRY. I'll take chances—at least I hope I can fight off the discovery till I obtain his consent to my marriage.

PERKINS. I hope it will come soon. I'm getting a little sick of my job—and these whiskers.

(Blows out cheek and goes up R.)

HARRY. I thought you were a brave man. Don't weaken, Perkins. If we win this game, it's you and I to the states.

PERKINS. I'll stick, sir, if for only your sake.

(Enter POLLY up L. PERKINS dodges behind sofa.)

POLLY. Oh, Harry!

HARRY *(quickly)*. Have you seen father?

POLLY. Yes. He'll be here in a moment.

PERKINS. Oh!

(Makes a quick funny exit, R., falling over sword, etc.)

HARRY. Where is father?

(Walks up and down, a little nervous.)

POLLY *(coming down L., taking off gloves)*. I met him on the door-step—he's been out, too.

HARRY. What for?

POLLY. I don't know. I left Gertrude reading in my room while I went for a walk in the park.

HARRY *(R.)*. To dream?

POLLY. Yes, and think over the future.

HARRY. Have you heard the news?

POLLY. About the prince not being the prince? Yes. I was glad to hear it. As Gertrude says—*(very demure)* he's got me going some.

HARRY. What do you mean?

POLLY. I'll tell you. *(Clasps hands—rolls her eyes, gushing a little.)* You see, I ——

(Enter DANIEL, up L.)

DANIEL. Now, then, Polly, why ain't you getting dressed for the reception?

POLLY. There's plenty of time, papa.

DANIEL *(coming c.)*. No, there isn't, young lady. His Royal Highness might be with us any moment.

(Laughs and rubs his hands.)

POLLY. You are pleased with him?

DANIEL. Pleased! *(Laughs.)* I should say so. My

ambition is realized at last. The crown of fashion is on my forehead. The sceptre of society is in my fingers, and all thanks to you, my boy, and the prince. But he came very near to giving me the slip, though.

HARRY (*aside*). I wish he had.

DANIEL. He actually wanted to go back to Eastphalia at once.

POLLY. And you prevented him?

DANIEL. I should think I did prevent him. Princes don't drop from the clouds every day.

HARRY. Father, why didn't you let him go when he wanted to?

DANIEL (*excited*). Let him go! The chance of my life! You don't know what you are talking about. No, of course you don't. That reminds me, I've got a little surprise for you both.

POLLY. A little surprise?

DANIEL. Yes, and I've saved it till the last moment. It will be all the sweeter for keeping. We've got some friends coming to dinner.

HARRY. Friends?

DANIEL (*laughing*). Friends. Not exactly old friends—not even old acquaintances.

POLLY. Father, what are you talking about?

DANIEL (*proudly*). Why, my dear child—I felt bound to afford the prince some suitable society, and by Jingo, I have, too. Some of the biggest swells in London will sit at my table to-night.

HARRY (*staggering*). Father! What have you done?

DANIEL (*delighted*). What have I done? I've asked half a dozen of the greatest names in England to dinner—and they are all coming. The whole caboodle—the whole bunch.

POLLY (*in dismay*). You're joking, father.

DANIEL. I'm as serious as a judge. The Prime Minister is coming, and the Duke of Brighton. He's of the royal blood, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and my lord, and my lady this—I can't tell you all their names, for I don't remember them, but Black did it all. Ah, he's a wonder, Black is. He knew all about them, just as if he had been born to the purple himself.

POLLY. And they are coming?

DANIEL. Coming! I should say they are coming.

Oscar of Eastphalia is a reigning prince, and an invitation to meet him is nothing less than a command. (*Goes up C.*)

POLLY (*crossing R. to HARRY*). What shall we do?

HARRY. Oh, we'd better let the thing be pulled off.

DANIEL. Come, now, Polly—bustle—bustle, or the big fellows will be upon us. Dress in your very best, my dear.

HARRY. I shall vamoose.

(*Exit, R.*)

POLLY. And I'll run and tell Gertrude about the reception.

(*Exit, up R.*)

DANIEL. That's right, run along. (*Comes down L.*)

(*Enter PERKINS, R.*)

PERKINS. I dassent stay any longer. (*Sees DANIEL.*) Dear me, there's the master.

DANIEL (*turning R., quickly*). Hello, your Royal. (*Looks more closely at PERKINS.*) Why, it's not his Highness. Who are you, sir? (*Savagely.*) Who the deuce are you?

PERKINS (*trying to be dignified, fixing moustache*). You don't know me?

DANIEL. Should I ask if I did? No, I don't know you, but I want to know you (*grabbing PERKINS*), and I will know you. (*Shakes PERKINS violently.*)

PERKINS (*after business, braces up*). You ask who I am?

DANIEL. I do—I do.

PERKINS. And what I am doing here?

DANIEL (*roaring*). Yes.

PERKINS (*with dignity*). I am Prince Oscar of Eastphalia.

(*Crosses to L. down front.*)

DANIEL. Say, that won't go with me. His Royal Highness is in this house at this moment.

PERKINS (*feebly*). He's not the prince—he's an impostor.

DANIEL (R.). What!

PERKINS. I am here to unmask him.

DANIEL. The deuce you say. (*Falls on sofa, R.; stares at PERKINS.* Enter CHARLES from L.; does not see PER-

KINS. DANIEL *jumps up.*) Your Royal Highness—just in time. Who is this man? (*Indicates PERKINS.*)

CHARLES (C., *looking at PERKINS, etc.*). I'm sure I don't know.

DANIEL. He says he is Prince Oscar.

CHARLES. Oh—he does, does he? (*Aside.*) What in the mischief does this mean?

PERKINS (*alarmed; aside*). I must keep it up, or they'll kill me. (*Aloud.*) I am Prince Oscar.

DANIEL. There!

CHARLES. Excuse me, but I happen to be Prince Oscar.

PERKINS. He isn't—I am.

CHARLES (*to DANIEL*). Does he look like a prince?

DANIEL. He looks like a lobster.

PERKINS (*aside*). He's jealous of me.

CHARLES. But I can tell you who he is.

(*Comes down R. to DANIEL.*)

DANIEL. You can?

CHARLES. I know him quite well.

PERKINS (*alarmed; aside*). I wonder if he has discovered who I am?

CHARLES. He is only an idiot.

(*DANIEL starts.*)

DANIEL. He looks it.

(*PERKINS angry.*)

CHARLES. But he's harmless—quite harmless, believe me. He's a kind of distant cousin of ours, and he somehow got the delusion that he was I. We locked him up, of course, but he must have got out, somehow or other, and followed me here.

DANIEL. Bless my soul, what an extraordinary thing!

PERKINS. It's an outrageous falsehood.

CHARLES (R. C.). Humor him. Humor him—poor fellow.

(*Enter OSCAR, up L., in full uniform.*)

PERKINS (*feebly*). I am the Prince of Eastphalia.

CHARLES (*firmly*). I am the Prince of Eastphalia.

OSCAR (*coming down C. between them*). Excuse me, gentlemen, I am the Prince of Eastphalia.

DANIEL. Great Scott, have I got 'em? Are there three of you?

CHARLES. By Jove!

PERKINS (*feebly*). Oh, my word!

DANIEL (*down R.*). Why, hang it, it's Black.

CHARLES (*R. C.*). It is Black. (*Goes L. C.*)

PERKINS. Only Black.

CHARLES (*relieved*). Thank goodness.

(OSCAR *sits L. C.*)

DANIEL (*loudly*). What do you mean, sir, by this masquerading?

CHARLES. Yes. What do you mean, sir, by this masquerading?

PERKINS (*feebly and shaking limbs*). What do you mean by this masquerading?

(OSCAR *laughs heartily*. PERKINS *retreats in comic alarm to corner down L.*)

DANIEL. What do you mean, sir, you, my secretary—my servant—by this behavior?

OSCAR. I mean what I say, Mr. Truckerman.

DANIEL (*angrily*). How dare you? I dismiss you! Leave this house!

PERKINS. Leave this house!

CHARLES. Leave this house!

OSCAR. Do you know who these gentlemen are?

DANIEL. I do, sir. (*Indicates CHARLES.*) This is Prince Oscar of Eastphalia.

PERKINS. No, he isn't—I am.

DANIEL (*indicating PERKINS*). And this is his cousin—his idiot cousin.

PERKINS. That's worse than calling me a lobster.

OSCAR (*looking at PERKINS*). He certainly looks the part.

PERKINS. He's jealous of me.

OSCAR. My dear Mr. Truckerman, you have been gravely abused, and I am afraid I have allowed myself to be a party to the deception.

DANIEL (*slowly*). What do you mean?

OSCAR (*pointing to CHARLES*). This gentleman is not

Prince Oscar. (*Points to PERKINS.*) That man may be an idiot, but he is not Prince Oscar's cousin.

CHARLES. I am Prince Oscar.

OSCAR (*rising*). I am Prince Oscar.

PERKINS (*in a feebly, high-keyed tone*). I am Prince Oscar.

DANIEL (*staggering*). Now I know I've got 'em.

(*Enter POLLY, up R.*)

POLLY (*coming down R. c.*). Oh, papa, I must tell you something I think (*looking at CHARLES*) you should know——

DANIEL (*crossing to POLLY*). Wait a bit, my child. Look over the room and tell me how many men in uniform happen to be in this room at this moment.

POLLY (*looking around*). Why, three, of course.

DANIEL. Thanks, my dear. Then I am not crazy, after all.

POLLY. Why, father, of course not.

DANIEL (*relieved*). Well—now, what is it?

POLLY. What became of that lady who came to see you?

DANIEL. Why, she wanted to find the prince. I—I left her here with Black.

OSCAR (*smiling*). I expect her any moment. Ah, here she is now.

(*Enter WILKINS, up L., followed by PRINCESS.*)

WILKINS. The Princess Von Verhoeff of Eastphalia.

DANIEL. What!

(*Exit WILKINS, up L. PRINCESS comes down L., where she joins OSCAR.*)

CHARLES (*aside*). Bravo, Gertrude! (*To DANIEL.*) Now we shall see who is the real Prince Oscar.

PERKINS (*repeating very feebly*). Now we shall see who isn't.

(*Enter GERTRUDE and HARRY, up R. They watch scene.*)

PRINCESS. I trust you will pardon the intrusion of a stranger, but I have come for my husband.

DANIEL. Don't you mean your husbands?

PRINCESS. Oh, no, I find one husband quite enough.

CHARLES (*R. of her, aside to her*). Bravo, Gertrude! Keep it up. (*Aloud.*) My dear Maria ——

PRINCESS. Who is this gentleman?

DANIEL. Ask me another.

CHARLES (*aside to PRINCESS*). What's the matter? Keep it up.

DANIEL (*crossing L. to PRINCESS; desperately*). Madam, each of these gentlemen says he is Prince Oscar. I'm all in a muddle—I leave it to you.

PRINCESS (*indicating OSCAR*). This is my husband.

(*They join hands, talk and laugh. Astonishment of others.*)

CHARLES. Here, I say—what's all this? Why, Truckerman, this isn't the Princess of Eastphalia at all.

DANIEL (*gasping*). What!

CHARLES (*to PRINCESS*). It's all your own fault. She is Gertrude Dainty—the American girl.

(*POLLY moves down R. to CHARLES.*)

POLLY. Oh, no.

PRINCESS (*smiling*). You are quite mistaken, sir.

(*GERTRUDE comes down R. C.*)

CHARLES. Oh—but you are—you know you are. It's no use denying it.

GERTRUDE (*coming down R. C.*). There is some mistake. I am Gertrude Dainty.

CHARLES. You! (*To POLLY.*) Is she Gertrude Dainty?

POLLY. Why, of course, and she is my chum.

HARRY (*coming down R. C., and taking GERTRUDE'S hands*). And my promised wife.

DANIEL. Never! I'll never consent to your marrying a vulgar American.

HARRY. Then we will marry without your consent.

DANIEL. Take care. If you do, I'll disown you.

HARRY. Then you lose me. I wanted to marry with your consent, but since you forbid the bans, we will get along without it.

DANIEL. How dare you talk to your father in that manner?

HARRY. You are no longer my father. I disown you.

DANIEL. Oh, this is awful!

HARRY. So good-bye, father. Gertrude and I will marry. (*To GERTRUDE.*) How soon?

GERTRUDE. In twenty-four hours.

HARRY. In twenty-four hours.

PRINCESS. And you shall spend your honeymoon as the guests of the Prince and Princess of Eastphalia; shall they not, Prince Oscar?

OSCAR. I shall be delighted.

DANIEL. Oh, this is too much! (*Goes up c., overcome.*)

PRINCESS (*taking GERTRUDE'S hands*). I know you to be a true, sweet little woman. My husband has had his fling. He has promised in the future to be good. I have forgiven him. (*Goes R. c.*) You and I shall always be friends. (*Kisses GERTRUDE.*)

DANIEL (*coming down c.*). Prince—what's to become of me? Here all these swells will come trooping up my stairs to find only a silly old man who has been made a fool of.

OSCAR. Come, my dear Mr. Truckerman, one good turn deserves another.

DANIEL. I am at your Royal Highness' orders.

(POLLY and CHARLES, HARRY and GERTRUDE have paired off, R.)

OSCAR. Promise to make the young people happy (*DANIEL rubs his chin*), and your aristocratic visitors will find not merely the prince, but the princess—delighted to see them.

(PRINCESS goes L. to OSCAR.)

DANIEL (C.). I'll do it. My boy, you have given me a prince—take her, she's yours.

POLLY. How about me?

DANIEL. What do you want?

POLLY (*looking into CHARLES' eyes*). Only Charley.

DANIEL. And who is Charley?

CHARLES. The Honorable Charles Sumner.

DANIEL. Well, upon my word. The Honorable, eh? (*Turns and looks at PERKINS, who is standing in corner—very nervous.*) Now who in the deuce are you?

PERKINS. I'm—I'm only Perkins.

(*Takes off moustache.*)

DANIEL. Well—I'll—be ——

(Makes one angry step toward PERKINS, then stops and laughs. All join in except PERKINS, who is still nervous.)

HARRY. Perkins' masquerade was my fault, father.

DANIEL. What?

OSCAR. We've all been pretenders. Perkins is the only prince you have not forgiven.

DANIEL. All right. Explanations later. We'll need him for the dinner to your Royal Highness.

CURTAIN

Picture at fall of curtain :

HARRY	DANIEL
GERTRUDE	PRINCESS
POLLY	OSCAR
CHARLES	PERKINS

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Whoever has the power of clear expression is always sure of himself.

The power of expression leads to:

The ability to think “on your feet”

Successful public speaking

Effective recitals

The mastery over other minds

Social prominence

Business success

Efficiency in any undertaking

Are these things worth while?

They are all successfully taught at The National School of Elocution and Oratory, which during many years has developed this power in hundreds of men and women.

A catalogue giving full information as to how any of these accomplishments may be attained will be sent free on request.

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